his regiment in England, and as far as I know, they never saw each other again."

Luella was wondering how quickly she could get away and go to the British Embassy.

"After he left," Signor Vecchio went on, "Tia gave birth to a son and I imagine she told the Captain that he was now a father."

"But he did not return to see her?" Luella asked, feeling that some comment was expected of her.

"Not that I am aware of," Signor Vecchio replied. "But Tia continued to be one of the most delightful and charming women in Milan." Signor Vecchio's voice deepened as he said: "A week ago Tia died of cancer, and many people were broken-hearted by her death. I assure you, Signorina Hanley, there was not a dry eye at her funeral."

Again there was a pause and Luella murmured: "How . . sad!"

"Very sad indeed," Signor Vecchio said, "especially for her son, Enrico, who is now six years old and should be looked after by his father."

Luella looked surprised. "But surely he has Italian relations?"

"He has indeed," Signor Vecchio agreed, "but in the meantime Enrico's father has become the Duke of Ingatestone."

Luella had heard of the Duke. An English newspaper had been sent to her father because it mentioned his book. In an article suggesting books for Christmas presents, Richard Hanley's book, *The Temples of Greece*, had been recommended. It said that in the opinion of the critic there had never been a better



book on the subject.

Because she enjoyed reading the English newspapers, Luella had read the rest of that edition carefully. One of the headlines had claimed that the worst accident of all time had been suffered by the noble and ancient family of Ingatestone.

Apparently the Duke of Ingatestone, who was an elderly man, had travelled to Ireland with his three sons and their children to celebrate the eightieth birthday of the Earl of Kilkelly to whom they were related. There had been a huge party to honour the Earl's birthday, and relatives had come from all over the world. The Kilkellys were descended from the Irish Kings. The Earl had been fêted and congratulated with dinners, a ball and fireworks at the ancestral castle.

On the way back to England disaster had struck. There was thick fog and the ship in which the Duke of Ingatestone and his family were travelling collided with a fully laden cargo-boat. Both ships sank with nearly all lives lost.

It was such a dramatic story that Luella had read it, thinking how dangerous the sea could be. She had remembered times when travelling with her father they had encountered sudden storms. They had been bad enough to make her feel that the ship would capsize at any moment.

Luella remembered reading that the Dukedom of Ingatestone had passed to the son of the Duke's younger brother. He had not accompanied them to Ireland because he had been on duty at Windsor Castle.

Watching the expression on her face, Signor Vecchio